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A N
APPENDIX
TO
JOHN BULL
Still
In His SENSES:
O R,

Law is a Bottomless-Pit.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the
Cabinet of the famous Sir *Humphry*
Polesworth: And Publish'd, (as well
as the three former Parts) by the Au-
thor of the NEW ATALANTIS.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Morphew*, near *Stationer's-*
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JOHN BULL APPENDIX



IN HIS SENSES:
LORD A. B. C.

Printed from a Manuscript found in the
Cabinet of the Hon. Sir (name)
P. (name): And (name) (as well
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LONDON:
Printed for (name) (name), near (name)
1797.

AN
APPENDIX
TO

John Bull Still in his Senses, &c

CHAP. I.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Imprisonment of Jack, for Suspicion of Poisoning.

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that in my last Part, the Story of Pan Pitschirnsooker's Powder was interrupted by a Message from Frog. I have a natural Compassion for Curiosity, being much troubled with the Distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching Sensation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following Account of that Matter.

Pan Pitschirnsooker came off (as Rogues usually do upon such Occasions) by Peach-

ing his Partner, and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows; *Jack* was accus'd as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And indeed it happen'd unfortunately for the poor Fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate Spight against the old Gentlewoman, and consequently, that never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be sure, laid the Pin in the way: If some Noise in the Street disturb'd her Rest, who could it be but *Jack* in some of his nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: every idle Tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always suspected for the Author of it: However, all was nothing to this last Affair of the temperating, moderating Powder. The Hue and Cry went after *Jack*, to Apprehend him, dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The Constables look'd out for him in all his usual Haunts; but, to no purpose. Where d'ye think did they find him at last? Ev'n smoaking his Pipe very quietly, at his Brother *Martin's*; from whence he was carry'd, with a vast Mob at his Heels, before the Worshipful Mr. Justice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, That of late, the Prisoner had been observ'd to lead a very dissolute Life, renouncing ev'n his usual Hypocrisy, and Pretences to Sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and Eating-Houses, and

and had been often guilty of Drunkenness and Gluttony at My Lord-Mayor's Table; That he had been seen in the Company of Lewd Women: That he had transferr'd his usual religious Care of the engross'd Copy of his Father's Will, to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies, and Debentures: These he now affirm'd, with more literal Truth, to be *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philosophers Stone, and the Universal Medicine*: That he was so far from shewing his customary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept company with those that call'd his Father a cheating Rogue, and his *Will* a Forgery. That he not only sat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Discourse, and hugg'd the Authors as his Bosom Friends: † *That instead of asking for Blows, at the Corners of the Streets,* he now bestow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before: In short, That he was grown a meer Rake; and, had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull's Mother*.

* *Tale of the Tub.*

† *Tale of the Tub.*

Another Witness made Oath, That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a Trick he had found out to manage the *old formal Jade*, as he us'd to call her. 'Damn this numb'd-Skull of mine (quoth he) that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tatter'd Coat, I am so well known, that

'that

' that I am hunted away from the old Wo-
 ' man's Door by every barking Curr about
 ' the House, they bid me Defiance; there's
 ' no doing Mischief as an open Enemy, I
 ' must find some way or another of getting
 ' within Doors, and then I shall have better
 ' Opportunities of playing my Pranks, be-
 ' sides the Benefit of good keeping.

Two Witnesses Swore, that several Years
 ago, there came to their Mistriss's Door, a
 young Fellow in a tatter'd Coat, that went
 by the Name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they
 did in their Conscience believe to be the
 very Prisoner, resembling him in Shape, Sta-
 ture, and the Features of his Countenance;
 that the said *Timothy Trim* being taken in-
 to the Family, clap'd their Mistriss's Livery
 over his own tatter'd Coat; that the said
Timothy was extremely officious about their
 Mistriss's Person, endeavouring by Flattery
 and Tale-bearing, to set her against the rest
 of the Servants; no Body was so ready to
 fetch any thing that was wanted, or reach
 what was drop'd; that he us'd to shove and
 elbow his Fellow-Servants to get near his
 Mistress, especially when Mony was a pay-
 ing or receiving, then he was never out of
 the way; that he was extremely diligent
 about every Bodies Business but his own;
 that the said *Timothy*, while he was in the
 Family, us'd to be playing Roguish Tricks;
 when his Mistress's back was turn'd he would
 loll

loll out his Tongue, make Mouths, and laugh
 at her, walking behind her like a *Harlequin*,
 ridiculing her Motions and Gestures; if his
 Mistress look'd about, he put on a grave,
 demure Countenance, as he had been in a
 fit of Devotion; that he us'd often to trip
 up Stairs so smoothly that you could not
 hear him tread, and put all things out of
 Order; that he would pinch the Children
 and Servants, when he met them in the dark,
 so hard, that he left the Print of his Fore-
 fingers and his Thumb in black and blue,
 and then slink into a corner, as if no Body had
 done it: Out of the same malicious Design,
 he us'd to lay Chairs and Joint-stools in their
 way, that they might break their Noses by
 falling over them. The more young and un-
 experienc'd, he us'd to teach to talk Saucily,
 and call Names: During his stay in the Fa-
 mily there was much Plate missing; that be-
 ing catch'd with a couple of Silver Spoons in
 his Pocket, with their Handles wrench'd off,
 he said, he was only going to carry them to
 the Goldsmiths to be mended; that the said
Timothy was hated by all the honest Servants,
 for his ill-condition'd, splenetick Tricks, but
 especially for his slanderous Tongue; tradu-
 cing them to their Mistress, as Drunkards,
 Thieves and Whore-masters; that the said *Ti-*
mothy, by lying Stories, us'd to set all the Family
 together by the Ears, taking delight to make
 them Fight and Quarrel; particularly one Day
 sitting

sitting at Table, he spoke Words to this Effect: ' I am of Opinion (*quoth he*) That little
 ' short Fellows, such as we are, have better
 ' Hearts. and could beat the tall Fellows; I
 ' wish it came to a fair Trial, I believe, these
 ' long Fellows, as lightly as they are, should
 ' find their Jackets well thwack'd. A parcel
 of tall Fellows, who thought themselves affronted by this Discourse, took up the Quarrel, and to't they went, the tall Men and the low Men, which continues still a Faction in the Family, to the great Disorder of our Mistress's Affairs: That the said *Timothy* carried this Frolick so far, that he propos'd to his Mistress, that she should entertain no Servant that was above four Foot seven Inches high, and for that Purpose had prepar'd a Gage, by which they were to be measur'd: That the good old Gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his Projects, she began to smell a Rat. ' This *Trim* (*quoth she*)
 ' is an odd sort of a Fellow, methinks he
 ' makes a strange Figure with that ragged,
 ' tatter'd Coat, appearing under his Livery,
 ' can't he go spruce and clean, like the rest
 ' of the Servants? The Fellow has a Roguish
 ' Leer with him, which I don't like by any
 ' means; besides, he has such a twang in his
 ' Discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through the Nose, that one can hardly
 ' understand him; I wish the Fellow be not
 ' Tainted with some bad Disease. The Witnesses

nesses farther made Oath, That the said Timothy lay out a Nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable Hours; that it was credibly reported, he did Business in another Family; that he pretended to have a squeamish Stomach, and could not eat at Table with the rest of the Servants, tho' this was but a pretence to provide some nice Bit for himself; that he refus'd to Dine upon Salt-fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a Calve's Head (his Favourite Dish) in private; that for all his tender Stomach, when he was got by himself, he would devour Capons, Turkeys and Sirlains of Beef, like a Cormorant.

Two other Witnesses gave the following Evidence, That in his officious Attendance upon his Mistress, he had try'd to slip in a Powder into her Drink, and that once he was catch'd endeavouring to stiffler her with a Pillow as she was a sleep; that he and Pitschirsnooker were often in close Conference, and that they us'd to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by the true Name of Jack.

The Prisoner had little to say in his Defence; he endeavour'd to prove himself *Alibi*, so that the Trial turn'd upon this single Question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack, were the same Person? which was prov'd by such plain Tokens, and particularly by a Mole under the left Pap, that

there was no withstanding the Evidence; therefore the Worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his Tryal.

CHAP. II.

How Jack's Friends came to visit him in Prison, and what Advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had pass'd in the World for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack'd-brain'd Fellow, People were strangely surpriz'd to find him in such a Roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false Name, hire himself out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to Poison her. They said, That it was more Generous to profess open Enmity, than, under a profound Dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous Breach of Trust, and of the sacred Rights of Hospitality. In short, the Action was universally Condemn'd by his best Friends; they told him in plain terms, That this was come as a Judgment upon him, for his loose Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenness and Avarice, laying aside his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy Trunk, and turning Stock-jobber, News-monger, and Buffe-body, meddling with other Peoples Affairs, shaking off his old serious Friends, and keeping Company with Buffoons and Pick-

Pick-pockets, his Father's sworn Enemies ; That he had best throw himself upon the Mercy of the Court, Repent, and change his Manners. To say truth, *Jack* heard these Discourses with some Compunction ; however he resolv'd to try what his new Acquaintance would do for him : They sent *Habakkuk Slyboots*, who deliver'd him the following Message, as the peremptory Commands of his trusty Companions.

Habakkuk: Dear *Jack*, I am sorry for thy Misfortune ; Matters have not been carried on with due Secrecy ; however, we must make the best of a bad Bargain : Thou art in the utmost Jeopardy, that's certain : Hang, Draw and Quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful Friends, ever watchful for thy Security, bid me tell thee, That they have one infallible Expedient left to save thy Life : Thou must know, we have got into some Understanding with the Enemy, by the means of *Don Diego Dismallo* ; he assures us there is no Mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to Escape ; it is indeed somewhat out of the common Road, however, be assur'd, it is the result of most mature Deliberation.

Jack. Prithce tell me quickly, for my Heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my Belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous Opinion of your Friends, that you make as if you hang'd your
B 2 self;

self; that they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Prison in a Beir; and that *John Bull*, being busied with his Law-Suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I had hang'd my self?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang your self up in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no Trick in it, and leave the rest to your Friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some Concern; and my Friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: A Rope, and a Noose, are no jesting Matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is that is entrusted with that important Office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? that's a Secret.

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a Man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou suspicious Creature! if thou must-needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger; he has been in Tears ever since thy Misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it so, that he

he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, rest satisfied, he will break in, and cut thee down; Fear not, old Boy; we'll do't, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang my self up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the Credit of *Don Diego*: A fine Stratagem indeed to save my Life, that depends upon Hanging, *Don Diego*, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a Mystery in all this, my Friend, a piece of profound Policy; if thou knew what good this will do to the Common Cause, thy Heart would leap for Joy: I'm sure thou would not delay the Experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the Tune of *All for the better*. What's your Cause to me, when I am hang'd?

Hab. Refractory Mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy Friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next full Moon, that thou wilt be hung up in Chains, or thy Quarters perching upon the most conspicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with Hanging, they talk of Empaling, or breaking on the Wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle suspending of thy self, for one Minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imagines. I have spoke with several that have undergone it, they

they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness; be sure thou take good notice of the Symptoms, the Relation will be curious; it is but a kick or two with thy Heels, and a Wry Mouth or so: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an Eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come? will my Friends be there to Succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing against to Morrow Morning, do thou keep thy own Secret, say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the Common Good, that thou shouldst go through this Operation.

CHAP. III.

How Jack hang'd himself up by the Perswasion of his Friends, who broke their Word, and left his Neck in the Noose.

JACK was a profess'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare say, it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now, with his old Friends, in the state of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace; or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battle; like an old Favourite of a cunning Minister after the Jobb is over; or a decay'd Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in quest

quest of new Game; or like an hundred such things that one sees every Day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on foot: *Jack's* Life was the Purchase of *Diego's* Friendship, much good may it do them. The Interest of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawly*, which was now more at Heart, made this Operation upon poor *Jack* absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his Rest that Night was but small, and much disturb'd; however the remaining part of his Time he did not employ (as his Custom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or singing a double Verse of a Psalm, but amused himself with disposing of his Bank-Stock; many a Doubt, many a Qualm, overspread his clouded Imagination. 'Must I then (quoth he) hang up
' my own personal, natural, individual Self,
' with these two Hands! *Durus Sermo!*
' What if I should be cut down, as my
' Friends tell me? There is something Infamous in the very Attempt; the World
' will conclude I had a guilty Conscience.
' Is it possible that good Man, Sir *Roger*, can
' have so much pity upon an unfortunate
' Scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many
' Years? No, it cannot be: I don't love Favours that pass through *Don Diego's* Hands.
' On the other side, my Blood chills about
' my Heart, at the thought of these Rogues,
' with their bloody Hands grabbling in my
' Guts, and pulling out my very Entrails:
Hang

* Hang it, for once I'll trust my Friends.
 So Jack resolv'd, but he had done more wisely,
 to have put himself upon the Tryal of his
 Country, made his Defence in Form many
 things happen between the Cup and the Lip,
 Witnesses might have been brib'd, Juries man-
 nag'd, or Prosecution stop'd. But so it was,
 Jack for this time had a sufficient Stock of
 Implicit Faith, which led him to his Ruin, as
 the Sequel of the Story shews: And now the
 fatal Day was come, in which he was to try
 this hanging Experiment. His Friends did
 not fail him at the appointed Hour, to see
 it put in practice. *Habakkuk* brought him a
 smooth, strong, tough Rope, made of many
 a ply of wholesome *Scandinavian* Hemp,
 compactly twisted together, with a Noose
 that slip'd as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gir.
 Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it,
 he handled it, measur'd it, stretch'd it, fix'd
 it against the Iron-bar of the Window to
 try its strength, but no Familiarity could re-
 concile him to it. He found fault with the
 length, the thickness, and the twist, nay,
 the very colour did not please him. "Will
 ' nothing less than Hanging serve (quoth
 Jack)? " Won't my Enemies take Bail for my
 ' good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine,
 ' or be satisfied with the Pillory and Impri-
 ' sonment, a good round Whipping, or Burn-
 ' ing in the Cheek?

Habakkuk.

Habakkuk. Nothing but your Blood will appease their Rage; make haste, else we shall be discover'd: There's nothing like surprising the Rogues. How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their Revenge, and hang'd thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in Effigies? Is there never an old Pope, or Pretender, to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very sharp Knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common Lyar? Be satisfy'd, no Damage can happen to your Person, your Friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my Rope, it galls my Neck strangely? besides, I don't like this running Knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many If's and And's; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But, now I think on't, I would fain settle some Affairs, for fear of the worst: Have a little Patience.

Hab. There's no having Patience, thou art such a faintling, silly Creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable, *Passive Obedience!* did I ever imagine I should become thy *Votary*, in so pregnant an Instance; how will my Brother *Martin* laugh at this Story, to see himself out done in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice. No sooner had he utter'd these Words, but like a Man of true Courage, he ty'd the fatal Cord to the Beam, fitted the Noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a Tub, the inside of which he had often Grac'd in his prosperous Days. This Footstool *Habakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* swinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul's* Clock. The fatal Noose perform'd its Office, and with most strict Ligature, squeez'd the Blood into his Face, 'till it assum'd a purple dye: While the poor Man, heav'd from the very bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habakkuk* walk'd with great Deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who receiv'd the News with great Temper, and with Geers and Scoffs instead of Pity, *Jack* has Hang'd himself (quoth they!) let us go and see how the poor Rogue swings. Then they call'd Sir *Roger*. Sir *Roger* (quoth *Habakkuk*) *Jack* has hang'd himself, make haste and cut him down. Sir *Roger* turn'd first one Ear and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himself up.
Sir *Roger*. Who's hang'd?

Hab!

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging Day.

Hab. But the poor Fellow has hang'd himself.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the Fellow has been mad these twenty Years. With this he slunk away.

Then *Jack's* Friends began to hunch and push one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor Fellow down? Why don't you? and why don't you? Not I* (quoth one,) *not I* (quoth another,) *not I* (quoth a third,) *he may hang 'till Doomsday before I relieve him.* Nay it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor Friend, in this his dismal Circumstance, that *Ptschirnlooker*, and several of his Companions, went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had both advis'd and justify'd before, *viz.* his getting into the old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the last Office, coming up, found *Jack* swinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company. *This, Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd Jack; What must be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curiosities of *Gresham College*, and it is call'd

Jack's Rope to this very Day. However *Jack* after all, had some small Tokens of Life in him, but lies at this time past hopes of a total Recovery, with his Head hanging on one Shoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroners Inquest supposing him Dead, brought him in *Non Compos*.

CHAP. IV.

The Conference between Don Diego Dismallo, and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing Transaction, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull*.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several Years, to have Justice done upon that Rogue *Jack*; but what through the Remissness of Constables, Justices and pack'd Juries, he has always found the Means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best Friend, he that would have brought him to con-

condign Punishment, or he that has sav'd him. By my Perswasion, *Jack* had hang'd himself, if *Sir Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that *Sir Roger* has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deserve a better Return.

J. Bull. Since you value your self upon Hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more Hanging-work, I'll send for thee; I have some better Employment for *Sir Roger*: In the mean time, I desire the poor Fellow may be look'd after. When he first came out of the North-Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the Fellow seem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, till some body turn'd his Head; then he grew so pragmatrical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without doors, but he must be always giving his Counsel, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his Business for the future, and not meddle out of his own Sphere, he will find that *John Bull* is not of a cruel Disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful Physicians say, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a piece of *Jack's* Liver boil'd in her Soup.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Those are Quacks: My Mother abhors such Cannibal's Food; she is in perfect Health at present: I would have given many a good Pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are, indeed, two or three troublesome old Nurses, that because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet Nights Rest, with knocking me up: Oh, Sir, your Mother is taken extremely ill! she is fall'n into a fainting Fit! she has a great Emptiness, and wants Sustainance! This is only to recommend themselves, for their great Care. *John Bull*, as simple as he is, understands a little of a Pulse.



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